

PATHOMACHIA:
OR,
THE BATTELL OF
AFFECTIONS.
SHADOWED BY A FAIGNED
SIEGE OE THE CITIE
PATHOPOLIS.

Written some yeeres since, and
now first published by a Friend
of the deceased AVTHOR.



LONDON,
Printed by *Thomas and Richard Coats*, for *Francis Constable*, and are
to be sold at his Shop in *Pauls Church-yard*
at the Signe of the *Crane*.

PR2411
J17
1630
Office



TO
THE NO-LESSE TRVLY
NOBLE, THEN HIGHLY
EN-NOBLED HENRY, BARON
of *Hunsdon*, Viscount *Rochefort*, Earle
of *Dover*, my much
honored Lord.

SIR, It is a great blindnesse and
miserie (as one saith) not to
know that, wherby other things
are known: meaning the Soule.
Which, though all acknowledge, that it is,
yet few know, where, or what it is. This
Booke therefore, hauing for Argument, the
Passions, parts (though inferiour) of the
Soule, may hope for better acceptation, as
A 3 giuing

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

giuing some darke light, to that light, which
lyes in so much darkenesse. As Tombes be
the monuments of the Body; so, Bookes, of
the Mind; leauing testimonie, that though
a man liue not long, yet that he once liued,
This Coppy therefore comming to my
hands, I durst not but publish it, as holding
the suppressing therof a kind of Sacriledge.
The Author (being dead) neither affects
Fame, nor feares Censure. The Booke, in
right of his Orphanage, to which by all
right (as wanting the protection of his own
Parent) each Man of Honour and worth
owes a common patronage; flies to all such,
and to none but such, for Tutelage. More
particularly to your Lordshippe, whose
knowne vertues of Affabilitie, Vrbanitie,
Clemencie, &c. stirred vp by the passion of
Pittie, giues it assurance of defence from the
common vices of Curiositie, Malice, En-
uy, &c. I much desired by some greater
Dedication,

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

Dedication, to haue testified my zeale to
your Honour; but there is some hope, your
Iudgement may find *Magnum in paruo*.
Howsoever, such as it is, is wholly submit-
ted to your fauourable censure.

Your Lordships

humbly deuoted

F. CONSTABLE.



The fiftene Affections, the subiect matter of the Booke.

<i>Loue.</i>	<i>Griefe.</i>	<i>Pittie.</i>
<i>Hatred.</i>	<i>Disdaine.</i>	<i>Shame.</i>
<i>Hope.</i>	<i>Reuerence.</i>	<i>Anger.</i>
<i>Ioy.</i>	<i>Zcale.</i>	<i>Admiration.</i>
<i>Fearc.</i>	<i>Desire.</i>	<i>Emulation.</i>

The cleuen Vertues, regulating those Affections.

<i>Religion.</i>	<i>Affabilitie.</i>	<i>Temperance.</i>
<i>Iustice.</i>	<i>Clemencie.</i>	<i>Liberalitie.</i>
<i>Charitie.</i>	<i>Fo rtitude.</i>	<i>Modestie.</i>
<i>Humilitie.</i>	<i>Vrbانيتie.</i>	

The fiae and twentie Vices, extremes to those Vertues.

<i>Profanenesse.</i>	<i>Enny.</i>	<i>Ruſſicitie.</i>
<i>Superſſition.</i>	<i>Curioſitie.</i>	<i>Scurrilitie.</i>
<i>Rigour.</i>	<i>Moroſitie.</i>	<i>Intemperance.</i>
<i>Partialitie.</i>	<i>Flatſterie.</i>	<i>Stupiditie.</i>
<i>Malice.</i>	<i>Crueltie.</i>	<i>Couetouſneſſe.</i>
<i>Selfe-loue.</i>	<i>Indulgence.</i>	<i>Prodigalitie.</i>
<i>Iealouſie.</i>	<i>Temeritie.</i>	<i>Impudence.</i>
<i>Sordiditie.</i>	<i>Timiditie.</i>	<i>Immodeſtie.</i>
<i>Pride.</i>		





PATHOMACHIA, OR, Loues Loade-Stone.

INTERLOCVTORS.

Pride, Malice.

Pride.



Pray you tell me, *Malice*, for I know you are a good Informer (though some out of malice report you for a bad Iudge) how stands the state of the Affections ?

Mal. The state of Affections is ill affected towards Loue and Hatred whom heretofore they counted their King and Queene, like *Saturne* and *Ops* among the

Gods. But now Loue is growne old, cold and weake, and his Wife Hatred weares the Breeches, and playes reakes like *Tamira* Queene of the *Gothes*, or *Katherine de Medices*. Some giue it out that Loue is dead, others haue reported in my hearing (which I could not but smile at) that Hatred

B

also

also was extinguished, and I succeeded in her roome. Hereupon the Affections are vp in Armes, intending to reduce the Kingdome to a Senate, or popular State.

Pride. Who be the Ring-leaders in this Broyle?

Mal. First Hope and Ioy being transported with an old hatred against Hatred: Next, Feare and Griefe haue borne but little Ioue heretofore to Loue.

Pride. What is become of the other nine Affections?

Mal. Disdaine serueth vnder Hope, for Ioue (as they say) which he beareth to his Lieutenant Bouldnesse, or Confidence. Reuerence and Zeale doe assist Feare. Desire, Pittie, Shame, and Anger ayd Griefe. Admiration, and Emulation stand some-what doubtfull: For they send part of their Forces to Hope, part to Ioy, and part to Griefe. Some suppose that as after the death of *Alexander* the Great, his fifteene Captaines crowned themselues Kings, and yet at last the Kingdome came to foure, so Reason being suppressed which is the conquering *Alexander* of the Soule, these fifteene Affections will share the gouernement among themselues, which yet at length will be diuolued to the foure chiefe Rebels, that is, Hope which like Fire is hot and dry: Ioy like Aire moyst and warme: Griefe like Water cold and moyst. And Feare like Earth dry and cold.

Pride. Me thinkes it were fit now to renew the claime to our old Title of Affections which we haue lost, as sometimes *Madame Lingua* did to the Title of a Sence, for it is good fishing in troubled Waters.

Mal. Yea, but I doubt the cleuen Vertues will helpe the Affections.

Pride. That's not materiall, the Vices will ayd vs, which are two to oue at least.

Mal. I should be the lesse scrupulous if any durst undertake to be Generall in this Warre.

Pride. Doe you not thinke I dare undertake it? Which help't the *Giants* to heape vp their Babylonish Mountaines against *Iupiter*; which ayded *Alexander*, *Iulius Caesar*, *Traiane*, and *Tamberlaine*: And among the *Apostates*,
Mahomet

Mahomet the first and second : And among the *Christians*, *Boniface* the third and eighth, *Alexander* the sixth, *Inissus* the second, beside *Arrius*, *Donatus*, and infinite other Authors of Heresies and Schismes ?

Mal. Seeing then it pleaseth you to vndertake this honorable charge, if you will ordaine me for your Councillor of State, I would be as trustie as the Secretarie *Escorado* in Eightie eight.

Pride. I here ordaine you my chiefe Councillor, and charge you this day to assemble before me all the Forces of the banish't Affections.

Mal. I goe, my Lord.

Exeunt.

Act. 1. Scen. 2.

Enter Envy, Selfe-loue, Pride.

Selfe-l. What, is this my Picture ? Or some Ghost that haunts me, he is so like me in all respects ?

Envy. I thinke your Lips hang in your light, can you not see Wood for Trees ? Is not this your Brother Pride ? Mark how stately he stalkes.

Pride. Well ouer-taken *Selfe-loue*, will you be content to serue me in my Warre against Affections about our old Title ?

Selfe-l. What serue you ? Was there euer Pride before *Selfe-loue* ?

Pride. And was there euer *Selfe-loue* which grew not vp to Pride ?

Envy. Though I enuy you both Title of Honour, yet I pray you at this time let me part this vnseasonable, and vn-necessarie fray. Were you not two Twins so like at your Birth that your Parents were faine to distinguish you by Scarres in your Faces like *Castor* and *Pollux* ? True it is, *Selfe-loue* is the elder, but the more inward : but *Pride* in the iudgement of all he and she Courtiers, as being the more outward, is the mightier.

Selfe-l. I am content till the end of the Warre, so I may haue halfe the Spoyles.

Pride. Take all the spoyles so I may haue the Title. Now Enuy, tell me, will you assist vs also in this matter, and you shall be my Councillor of State next after Malice?

Enu. Doubt you not of me, for you know my hatred to Emulation, and to that crook't-back't Cōuncellor Humilitie, whom if I catch, I will make him mine Ape to beare my Lute.

Pride. It seemes then Enuy you are disposed to sing.

Enu. I could sing, or houle out at least a Caroll, such an one as *Nerodid*, when at the burning of *Rome* he playd the Sacke of *Troy* vpon's Lute. I could sing, I thinke, as well as the Florentine Nunne, if I might see Mules tread vpon the Altars; or Stables of Asses, or Kennels of Hounds in the Colledges of the Vniuersities. O I could haue chaunted brauely, if the Powder-Treason had taken effect, as the Massacre of *Paris*, or that of *Metbridates* in *Asia*, but I hope euen in this ciuill Warre of the Soule I shall find matter enough for some small Aire, or Madrigall.

Selfe-l. But how will you agree with Malice?

Enu. I hope as well as you with *Pride*, for you loue your selfe without a Corriuall, and *Pride* scornes others. *Malice* wisheth and worketh all miseries to others, and I am sad at their happinesse: So that we shall agree like a couple of side-winds at Sea.

Pride. Goe then, and seeke out *Malice*, and informe your selfe of things needfull for this weightie affaire.

Exeunt Pride and Selfe-loue.

Act. I. Scen. 3.

Malice, Curiosity, Enuy.

Mal. The season of your comming is ripe, Madame Curiosity, I haue a question to trouble you with.

Cur. Can any question trouble me? Which haue found
out

out the nine Orders of Angels, Purgatorie, and the two limboes of Hel, besides all the Arts of Witchcraft, and those late Sciences of Equiuocation? The Element of Fire, the Motion of the Earth, Quadrature of the Circle, and the Philosophers Stone they are now growne stale inuentions. But I am with Child till I know your question.

Mal. I would know what is the exact number of the Banditi, or bannish't Affections.

Cur. This is a fresh question indeed, as if one should aske how many Colledges, or Halles there be in the Vniuersitie.

Mal. O dull delay, tell me quickly or I am vndone.

Cur. To satisfie your importunitie, then know, that as the old Germanes and Gaules when their Countreys were ouer-populous, were wont to cast a Lot, so that halfe the People remained at home, the other moitie went to seeke new Habitations: So some craftie companions, thinking the Soule to be burthened with the number of thirtie one Affections, cast a Lotterie to bannish sixteene of them. First there were bannish't Friendship and Enmitie: Then foure other, Laughter, Weeping, Sighing, Blushing: Next Lust: Lastly, beside our felucs, seuen more, Pride, Selse-loue, Indulgence, Securitie, Superstition, Jealousie.

Mal. Which is the seuenth?

Cur. We wittie People, as *Aristotle* saith, are verie forgetfull. But let me see: What thus? No. Or thus? Neither. O, now I see the seuenth comming hither hastily, it's Enuy.

Enu. Though I with my words were as sharpe as swords, and my breath as poysoned as the grease of a Salamander, which is said to kill by the spirits of the Eye; yet now I must houle with Wolues, and in Crete play the Cretian. You are both wellmet. First, know you Malice, that I am ioynt Councillor with you appointed by Pride. Besides, Madame Curiositie, I haue to spurre you, that is, what newes as touching the state of the Affections, with whom Pride, and the rest of the Banditi intend Warre for their ancient Title?

Cur. I confesse my selfe to be deuoted to Pride, and now I know the cause of your question, Ma ice. As for your newes Enuy, know that there was of late a Parliament of much talke and little deed, which vanish into smoke : At this was neither the King nor Queene present : The King by reason of sicknesse, the Queene for spite : But their Minions came for them. Liking and Fauour for Loue. Dislike and Contempt for Hatred. Also, they of the Nobilitie were absent, but they sent their Agents. From Hope came Trust and Boldnesse : From Ioy Delight and Gladnesse : From Feare Dread and Despaire : From Griete Sadnesse and Mourning, whom some call Penance. The nine inferiour Affections were of the Lower House, and were present in Person. In the Conuocation House were the Vertues.

Enu. What was done in that Parliament?

Cur. A rumor went that some of the Nobilitie with others had plotted a Sicilian Euening-Song, that is, a purpose in one day to kill all the King and Queenes Minions, which comming out of a poore and hungry Countrey were thought to begge and sucke vp the iuice of the fertile and rich Land of the Affections : But this rumor was soone silenced.

Enu. What was done besides?

Cur. The King craued a Subsidie, some of the Vpper House spake for him, the Commons stoutly denyed it : whereupon the Parliament brake vp. The Conuocation House sent him a Beneuolence which came to little effect.

Enu. I thought so : For those Vertues for all their holy pretences are but painted Sheathes, that a Man may truly say of them : *Erarum uita nihil putidius*. But why were the Nobles absent?

Cur. Goe along with me, and you shall ouer-heare the matter deliuered by some of their owne Agents whom I see comming a farre off.

Act. I. Scen. 4.

Laughter, Despaire.

Laught. What Male-content is that comes here with a Hat without a Band, and a Band about his Necke made of a Sheet of Paper? I know him now by the Halter about his Necke : It is dull, disinall, deadly Despaire, with whom, they say, I am commonly vexed at the latter end. In the meane time I'll vexe him now. How-now Despaire, how goes the Wheeles of the World with you?

Desp. Stranger, though I know you not, nor maruaile at it, for I know not my selfe, vnlesse that I know my selfe to be most miserable, though I haue no hope of ayd, yet will I desperately tell you what I haue scene, if it be but to vent my passion.

Laught. This Fellow liues on Passion, as some doe on Spiders. Well now let's heare a fit of your Passion, for that will be to me as good as a fit of mirth, though some had as leaue heare a Bull roare.

Desp. I haue scene the most hidious spectacle that euer was beheld. Hope and Ioy first quarrelled in words. Hope said that he was: Ioy that he was of more continuance.

Laught. It seemes they were like that old dunce Memorie that knew no Vertue in a Scholler but rime and Senioritie.

Desp. Hope said he helped Men in miserie, and told a Tale of *Pandoraes* Basket: Ioy said, he comforted Men in felicitie.

Laught. The Ioy of Hope is like a suddaine flash of Fire in the midst of a darke Wood: as for the Ioy we hope for it is sooner spent then a Man can burne a Letter, or blow vp a Parliament Houfe. I know it by my selfe, for if I laugh but a little while, my sides will ake, and mine eyes be ready to start out of mine Head.

Despaire

Deff. Hope said that he was chiefe vpon Earth : and Ioy that he was chiefe in Heauen.

Laught. Prettie intricate follyes : For it is certaine that Earth is nothing, and it is vncertaine to most Men whether Heauen be any thing. But it seemes these two contended like *Aristotle* and *Ramus* in the Scholes ; or rather as two scowlds in a Market, with words not with weapons.

Deff. From wayward words they passed on to bloody blowes.

Laught. They were not of the mind of that great Capitaine, who although he loued me and my scoffing humors as well as his owne profession, yet despised a Duell as he did the Decuill, praying the Turkish and French Lawes which forbid it, and auouching the Brittish to be Barbarous for allowing it in some cases.

Deff. I am afraid these discords will ouerthrow the Soule.

Laught. That's a likely matter in deed. A while agoe, when I saw the Kings Cup-bearer being ready to stumble, saue himselfe with his other Legge, who thereupon said, Thus one Brother helps another, I know not whether I was more grieved for feare of his fall, or ioy'd at his escape : yet for all this discord I laugh and am fat. Well now, who got the victorie ?

Deff. They were parted with an other fray, for Feare and Griefe suddainly did assault them.

Laught. It's maruaile if they had not beene before together by the Eares. Feare indeed is counted the more wittie, and Griefe the more honest, and I cannot but smile that Wit and Honestie doe seldome agree : Some-what like Beautie and Chastitie.

Deff. It seemes there had beene some Iarre, for Feare came running away from Griefe, and Griefe came bleeding : yet strange it is, they fought as though they had been neither afraid nor hurt.

Laught. But I hope mine Vncle Hope, and my Father Ioy
(for

(for I, after the Italian manner, boast my selfe to be his base Sonne) got at length the victorie.

Desp. Nay, they were vnited at length by a worse tumult: for the nine Affections came, and set vpon them, yet at last they were accorded.

Laught. Why then hold v p thy Head, Bull-rush, there is some smacke of comfort.

Desp. This agreement was worse then their strife: For they all agreed presently to assault the Palace, and aspire to the Innouation of the Kingdome.

Laught. Why? That's no great attempt: For Loue is so feeble, and Hatred so intollerable, that it is maruaile no godly Pope sent out his roaring Bulles against them. Besides, it is likely they will finish their enterprize.

Desp. There is no hope of that: For the Verrues will ayd them, and they are tryed Souldiers, and haue liued in Warre like the Swissers all their liues.

Laught. When shall this odd Battaille be fought?

Desp. I am afraid this verie day.

Laught. I will goe thither, and breake my Spleene in seeing the contrarie accidents of Warre. It may be some Cannon will discharge a Bullet into an other Cannons Mouth, and then the other will returne him answer with two Bullets, as it was done lately at the Siedge of Ostend.

Desp. I perceiue now thou art Laughter the Buffone, I tooke thee for my Kinsman Sadnesse, because I saw thee weepe.

Laught. I wept for ioy at the ruine of your State, and sometimes I can laugh for anger, as *Hanniball* did at *Asdruball*, and sometimes for griefe, as when I am earnestly tickled, or when a wound is roughly handled in dressing.

Desp. Away, what haue I to doe with thee? Away *Coriase* to some *Vespatians* Table.

Laught. Away *Ranibacke*, inherite thy Fathers Hemp-Land. Now farewell Enuy, and Curiofitie, I haue heard all, I will returne to my Lords.

Exeunt.

Al.

Act. 1. Scen. 5.

Pride, Malice.

Pride. How haue you sped Malice?

Mal. I haue spoken with some of the Banditi, and I haue secret, and sure intelligence from the rest, they will presently appeare before your Lordship armed.

Pride. What is your aduice touching the forme of the Battell-array?

Mal. In the Vaunt-gard place Friendship and Enmity: In the Maine-Battell set Laughter, Weeping, Sighing, and Blushing: Your selfe may conduct the Reare-ward: For so did *Tamberlaine* the Prince of the Tartars, and *Epaminondas* is much discommended for being alwayes in the Vaunt-guard, for indeed it cost him his life: Therefore *Scipio Maior*, and *Hannibal* did carefully decline it.

Pride. You aduise then I should lead the rest of the Banditi.

Mal. Onely let Lust keepe the Baggage behind: Also place Indulgence, and Scuritie iust before you: For the one will run away like a Dutchman, vnlesse he be back't: and the other will be negligent if the danger be not eminent. And thus we are provided for our Infantry, or Foot; It resteth that I take care for the Caualtry, or Horse to furnish the Wings.

Pride. I will ease you of that care, for I haue sent to the Vices, and they haue promised to serue me with excellent Horses out of Tartary, and Barbary. You know the manner of their fight by two, and two, and commonly vpon the Enemies Flanke. Now with expedition goe see the Mustering of the Army, I will goe in to Arme my selfe.

Exeunt.

Al.

Act. 2. Scen. 1.

Lone, Iustice.

Lone. I haue sent for you Iustice to ayd me in a case of extremitie.

Iust. I am prest my Liedge to aduenture life and goods, without the least claime to any Clericall exemption. Now alas, what is this extremitie?

Lone. Since the last Nullitie Parliament I expected nothing but rebellion, and now behold I am certified by my Agents that the thirteene Affections intend to renew the Barons Warres: These are therefore to require you presently to assemble vnto me all the Vertues.

Iust. They shall be ready at an houres warning, as are the Gallies in the Arsenall of Venice.

Lone. I could wish that Heroicall Vertue were your Generall.

Iust. Ah, my Liedge he is gone to the Antipodes, vnto Iaponia, I haue not heard of him since the time of *Iudas Machabeus*, and indeed as I take it, if it be a Vertue 'tis infused from aboue, not purchased by custome: Nay rather he is not a generall habit, but an instinct, and speciall warrant for particular actions, somewhat like the motions of Prophets: So that his actions are not imitable, or exemplarie. But doubt you not Fortitude will be a fit Generall, for vnder his conduct the Romanes in two hundred yeeres subdued all the then knowne habitable Earth.

Lone. I pray you what's the number of your Men at Armes?

Iust. There be eleuen principall Vertues, besides foure young ones commonly called halfe, or imperfect Vertues: Constancie, Continence, Sobrietie, Bashfulnesse: whereof the first was lately banish't out of France, the second out of Italy, the third out of Germany, the last out of Spaine, and so we are fifteene answerable in number to the Affections.

Loue. Yea but the foure principall Rebels haue eight Agents, and so their thirteene will be made one and twentie.

Iust. But if your Maiestie will adioyne vs your owne two Agents, with those two that belong to the Queene, and if the Queene her selfe will vouchsafe to be present which is as valiant as any Amazon, or as *Bundrica* Queene of Essex which slew foure score thousand Romanes in two Battailles nere Malden, and chiefly if your Maiestie would daine but to view the Battaille, we shall equall them in number, and I hope surpass them in valour.

Loue. I make some scruple of your last clause, for I am sickly, and besides it cost *Pertinax* his life, that he made shew of himselfe to his rebellious Guard.

Iust. If you will be but carried in your Chaire, the sight of our *Cesar* will animate your Friends, besides there is a Rumor spread of your death, which by this act will be extinguished. For when the Romanes in a certaine Battaille gaue it out that *Pyrrhus* was dead, the King vnclasing his Helmet shewed himselfe to his Souldiers; as for *Pertinax*, his error was to trust a licentious Guard, which he had receiued from his lewd Predecessor *Commodus*; but your Guard hath beene brought vp with you from your youth like the Souldiers of *Sesostres*, who therefore will be as trustie as your owne part.

Loue. I could wish that the seuen intellectuall Vertues were sent for: I meane Faith, Opinion, Wisedome, Intelligence, Science, Prudence, Art.

Iust. They are fitter for solitarie contemplation, then for warlike actions; besides they are now intangled with their ciuill Warres against Ignorance, Error, Hypocrisie, and other their home-bred Enemies; so that we may haue their wishes, and aduice, but not their assistance I doubt.

Loue. I am afraid that your sworne Enemies the Vices will assault you in this Warre.

Iust. We know their manner of fight so well, and haue
so

so often beaten them that there is no iust cause of feare.
Yea I will intreat Religion our High-Priest to pray to the
Diuine Powers for you, and our safetie according to the
equitie of the cause.

Loue. Who is this you haue brought with you? What
my old Friend Vrbanitie?

Iust. I brought him with me my Liedge to solace your
Maiestie in your feeblenesse.

Loue. I had thought Iustice had had small acquaintance
with Vrbanitie.

Iust. Certainly he is a pleasant Companion, and doth of-
ten ease me in my sadder, and seuerer care.

Loue. Well, I will detaine him with me till you returne
with our Forces. Now I pray you make expedition.

Exit Iustice.

Act. 2. Scen. 2.

Loue, Vrbanitie.

Loue. I am forrie, Vrbanitie, I sent not for you before
to reuiue me in my sicknesse.

Vrb. A Reed may stay a Man in the Water, such a Reed
am I, fit onely to recreate men in their sicknesse.

Loue. Yea, and to maintaine health too by preuenting
Melancholy the Father of many Diseases, and Malecon-
tentment the Mother of many Vices, I maruaile then vpon
what aduice some haue made you a Vice.

Vrb. Because Vices and Gesters imitate me in making
of mirth, though indeed they differ from me as much as
Chymicke Gold from Bullion: for they spare neither ho-
ly, scurrile, nor obscene matters, and withall they are
Bablers like some sawcie persons which eat no meat but
sawce.

Loue. It may be, they contemne thee because thy op-
eration is onely in speech, whereas all Vertue is in the
Mind.

Vrb. This Argument may rush like a Bull, but it is as weake as a Bull-rush, for pleasant speech cannot come but from the integritie of the mind, free from a scowlding conscience. Again, if there be vices in speech, there must be also vertues. Veracitie must direct it for Truth, Affabilitie for Gentlenesse towards all, and I for kindly pleasure in friendly meetings.

Loue. It may be this terme Pleasure may displease them.

Vrb. Why? Would not Eating, Drinking, Sleeping, Education of Children be halfe neglected, were it not for Pleasure? Would Understanding embrace the Truth, if it tooke not pleasure in it? Doth your Maiestie loue any thing wherein he takes not pleasure of goodnesse? Doth your Queene auert her selfe from any object but through pleasure of honour, or safetie? What kind of Men, or Creatures are those which impugne pleasure? Doth not the Courtier take pleasure in Honour, the Citizen in Wealth, the Countrey-man in the delights of Health, the Academicke in the Mysteries of Learning? Is there not even in Angels a certaine incomprehensible pleasure?

Loue. Yea, but Angels want Vrbانيت, and therefore some banish it from the societic of Vertues.

Vrb. Why? Doe they not want also Temperance?

Loue. They need not Temperance because they be not tempted with Lust as Men be.

Vrb. Neither doe they need Vrbانيت, because they are not like Men toyled with Labour.

Loue. What things are most traduced for your sake?

Vrb. Playes, and Lots. Playes, because they represent Vice with Laughter, and therefore as they dreame with Approbation.

Loue. Doe not Men approue the things at which they laugh?

Vrb. Nothing lesse: For Laughter springeth from the medley of two Passions: An expectation of a feared euill, and a suddaine escape beyond that expectation. Hereupon
in

in Playes first we are troubled, that Vice is, or may be committed : afterwards we are satisfied when the detection, or punishment of it is represented. Nay our best satisfaction doth hence arise because 'tis represented, not done. Yet the best Playes are not the most ridiculous, but the most admirable, when the intricate plot makes vs looke for danger, and yet the Clew is wound vp with delight.

Lone. There is yet another thing in Playes, that some do carpe at, that Men put on Womens Attire.

Vrb. If Men did so take their Rayment, that they were mistaken for Women, they might not a little sollicite weake passions. But now euen Barbers know that Women in Theaters are but Men in Womens Attire : and therefore the Curtizans in Rome, and Spaine that act the parts of Women, because they are knowne to be Women indeed, doe vehemently and impudently contaminate the Spectators mind.

Lone. But Lots seeme not to admit of Vrbantie which are attended on by Diuine Prouidence, which seemes not to be intent to our remisse recreations.

Vrb. If the Wind blow mine Arrow from the Marke, is there not a prouidence like that of Pagan *Mercury*?

Lone. One Argument more and then we come to agreement. Vrbantie hath his name from a Latine word that signifieth a Citie, and the Latine word for Craft from a Greeke word of the same sence. Vrbantie then may seeme to be Craftie.

Vrb. This Criticall reason that it may be worth a Figge must be thus wound vp into the forme of a Syllogisme. That which is denominated from a Citie must needs be Craft. But so is Vrbantie. *Ergo.* But I may distinguish thus and extinguish the flame of your reason : Those things which Citizens doe vnto Strangers may seeme to proceed from Craft : but that which they practise with their Friends is Vrbantie of manners, whose contrarie doth

doth arise from Ignorance, or (as *Galateus* thinks) from Pride.

Loue. Me thinkes you are come from a good Companion to a mere Scholler, or Schoole-disputer.

Vrb. If *Vrbanitie* be more scene in Admiration, then in Laughter, what can be more admirable then the custome of Schooles? wherein the Heart is first contracted with opinion of difficultie in the Argument, and presently dilated with the vnlooked-for facilitie in the Answer.

Loue. I haue now a secret *Vrbanitie*, which in part I will impart vnto you if you will vnlocke me your opinion truly.

Vrb. Truly. If I shall not loose my Guest for my Iest, which is to play the Jew in earnest.

Loue. I haue a *Zanippa* to my Queene, speake what you thinke vnpartially, as if you were the best Physitian in the World.

Vrb. We haue alwayes taken you for a *Socrates*, and therefore were it so the daunger were the lesse. But I suppose she may well loue you, for if your Maiesties life should determine, there be some would be loth she should be made Queene Regent.

Loue. If Fortitude, Iustice, or Temperance should haue vttered such a word, it might haue cost them their Heads; but speech of *Vrbanitie* must needs be blamelesse, because her manners are harmelesse. I will employ you now in a message, goe therefore to the Queene, and will her to come and visite me.

Vrb. I hope your Maiestie will not accuse me to her for the error of my Tongue.

Loue. What were a Iest like *Nere's*, who would haue him that acted *Leander* to be drowned indeed, that it might be a reall Tragedy. I am no Tyrant, goe without feare, I will here abide your comming.

Act. 2. Scen. 3.

Hatred, Urbanitie, Loue.

Hatr. How now, Vrbanitie, what wind drawes you hither ?

Vrb. Two winds, Madame : The first is to see your Grace.

Hatr. And what's the second ?

Vrb. That your Grace might see me. But there is a stranger wind then these: For our King, and your Lord, doth desire that our Queene, and your Ladiship would come to him.

Hatr. He is so much offended at the quicke sharpnesse of my stirring actions, that I haue no ioy to be in his presence.

Vrb. Pardon me, Madame, if you stirred lesse out of his presence, your stirring would lesse stirre his mind.

Hatr. Well, I see now I must leaue all my old shrewish trickes.

Vrb. And begin them ouer a new againe.

Hatr. You hold your old wont, Vrbanitie, well, I hasten with you to the King, I pray you rowse him vp, for he seemes to languish.

Vrb. Mightie Soueraigne, your Queene is come to visite you.

Loue. How can she visite me, that is so contrarie to me ?

Hatr. Is the hatred of Euill contrarie to the loue of Good ? Hath Euill any substance but from Goodnesse ? Nay why doe we hate Euill, but that we know that Goodnesse is to be beloued ?

Loue. I am weake, and you are strong, and therefore I am sure we are contrarie in this.

Hatr. I am a Woman, I can scowld, gossip, or censure better then argue. I pray you, Vrbanitie, take the

patronage of my cause, for you haue beene at *Athens*.

Vrb. I haue beene there, and haue seene their Owles, but haue roosted none of them, as did *Pericles*. Now my Liege, vnder correction I say, I cannot discern how your Maiestie should be sicke, or weake. Your Maiesties stile is Loue, Loue is an Affection, an Affection is a Facultie of the Soule, the Faculties (as saith the fault-finding *Scaliger*, and the fault-excusing *Piccolomini*) are all one with the Substance, the Substance of the Soule cannot dye, now that which cannot dye, cannot be weake or sicke.

Loue. You are a merrie Greeke indeed: Will you perswade me that I cannot dye? Shall I be like *Chyron* immortally miserable?

Vrb. I pray you can a separate Soule be conceiued to be voyd of Loue? Are not *Plato's* euill Angels immortall for all their miserie?

Loue. But my Subjects count me weake, and therefore they rebell.

Vrb. They so account you becaufe Charitie your best operation in some double-hearted Paphlagenian Patriarchs bring forth such cold workes after most whot profession; or becaufe Charitie in our Leaden age seemes to be cold, for that there is such plentiful want of Golden Charitie. Like as a Roome is cold where there is but a little Fire, yet the least sparke of Fire is whot beyond all patience. Misprize not therefore your selfe, my Liege, you know that *Iulius Caesar* with a word, and *Augustus* with a becke stayd a tumult, and that Rebellion like Thunder strikes alwayes at the strongest and highest.

Loue. Me thinks a certaine spirit, and vigor is returned vnto me. I will get vp, attire and arme my selfe, and at least see the Battell. Thankes, heartie thankes, good Vrbanie, make hast to arme your selfe.

Harr. Nobly resolved my Lord, often may Vrbanie come hither to bring forth such happy effects.

Vrb. Let vs hasten, I see Iustice comming with the Forces.

Al.

*Act. 2. Scen. 4.**Iustico, Lone.*

Iust. We here present vnto you my Liege, all the Forces of the Vertues, which doe conceiue vnspcakable ioy for your vnexpected health.

Lone. I thanke you for your diligence, as for my health I ascribe it to Vrbanitie, who hath renewed me like some Elixar, or Mummea. But now declare I pray you in what order you haue raunged the Battell-array.

Iust. The ancient, and naturall order in which the Vertues fought against the Vices was in this manner. The first was Charitie with his Captaine Mercie; then Affabilitie; next Clemencie; the fourth Fortitude, with his two Captains good Hope, and Constancie.

Lone. He had two other Captaines also Heroicall Vertue, and Magnanimitie: Touching the former you told me that he is banished to the Antipodes, or vanished out of the Earth, but what's become of the later?

Iust. Magnanimitie is fled to the Banditi, and is in great request with them.

Lone. Now proceed in your narration.

Iust. The fifth is Vrbanitie; the sixth Religion with his two Attendants Prayer and Repentance; the seuenth Temperance with his two Assistants Continence, and Sobrietie.

Lone. What's become of Chastitie, is't dead with *Lucretia*?

Iust. Chastitie by Frigiditie, or Constraint as in *Eunuches*, can be no Vertue, but that which is voluntarie is comprehended vnder Temperance, which is so large that some haue made it the mediocritie of all Vertues: but now we restrain it to the moderation of pleasures in touch and tast. The eighth is Liberalitie with her two Adherents Frugalitie, and Magnificence.

Loue. Why? Magnificence was wont to be counted a distinct Vertue.

Iust. Vpon slender reason, for it differs from Liberalitie in degree alone, or rather in the quantitie of the object, which will hardly make a new degree. No more then you may distinguish Pettie Larceny, from Larceny which are capital aunc in the rigour of Law. The ninth is Humilitie.

Loue. You haue brought in here three new Vertues, Charitie, Religion, and Humilitie.

Iust. They are new onely in the Owle-light of Paganisme, but indeed as ancient as the rest. The tenth is Modestie, with his young Capitaine Bashfulnesse, and lastly my selfe with my trustie Capitaine Veracitie, who was wont to be counted a feuerall Vertue, but now is contented to serue me, for he is a great part of Iustice in speech.

Loue. Doe you not obserue the same manner of embat-tailing now as you haue done?

Iust. By the direction of Fortitude we haue altered the Rankes, as *Hannibal* did at Cannæ, and *Scipio* against *Asdrubal* in Africa. In the Vaint-guard are placed Temperance, Charitie, Liberalitie, and my selfe. In the Mainebattell Humilitie, Clemencie, Modestie, Affabilitie, and Urbanitie. The Reere is conducted by Fortitude whose Assistant is Religion, for these are the two most valiant Vertues fittest for dead lifts. The Wings are held by the cleauen vnder Capitaines whom I named before; which are enlarged partly for shew, and partly least we should be circumcumented by the multitude of the Enemie: For so did *Cesar* in his battell against *Arionistus* King of the Germans. It resteth now that your Maiestie declare where your selfe, and the Queene with your foure Agents will be placed.

Loue. Sarely betweene Fortitude, and Religion, for there is appearance of greatest safetie. Now let me entreat you to entrench neere my Citie *Parhopolu*, that we may endure a siege, and make sallies vpon the Enemie according to opportunitie.

Exeunt Loue and Iustice.

At.

Act. 2. Scen. 5.

Malice, Pride

Mal. I have lurked here all this time in seeing this maygame Murther, wherein nothing molests me so much, as that this King who is older then *Japetus* struts and smugs vp himselfe like a dotard of foure score enshar'd with a greene temptation. Now will I to my Lord, and relate what I have seenè. Lo here he comes. *Enter Pride.*

Pride. Are all things ready my good *Parmenio*?

Mal. More then all, my puissant *Alexander*. For I haue scene in ayd of the King the assembly of the Vertues, which are for number and strength according to their accustomed figure.

Pride. I haue heard say, that the Vices of this Age are more grievous then those of the former, and therefore the Vertues must needs be the fewer.

Mal. When in *Deucalions* Flood according to the Fable of *Luchan*, Lyons, Horses, and other Beasts came by two and two to be preferued in a Ship from the Deluge, were there fewer Creatures then before?

Pride. The kinds remaine the same, though a number of each kind were drowned by the Waters. So peradventure you suppose that all sort of Vertues are still extant, though their actions be rare. Again, there is a tradition, that he that hath one Vertue hath all, and they are said to be link't with a golden Chaine.

Mal. Yea but those emptie declaimors against the Vices in this Age of whom you speake, are onely some impatient Malecontents, and Men that want the reflexiue eye of Historie, for (to omit the Babilonish, Egyptian, and Persian vanitie, and the Greekish Sects, and Heresies) let me instance in the Romanes onely. Did not *Romulus* kill his Brother? Was not *Nunus Pompilius* an Hypocrite? *Tullus Hostilius* an Atheist? *Tarquinius* a proud Vsurper? Were

not *Sextus Tarquinus*, and *Appius Claudius* libidinous? What should I say of the wickednesse of Rome in the time of the ciuill Warres? Were not the times of *Caligula*, *Nero*, *Commodus*, *Dioclesian*, *Iulian* as vitious as ours? Can we thinke of greater wickednesse then was in *Paul* the third, *Gregorie* the seuenth, and some other of that raging Sea?

Pride. This relation put's me in hope of obtaining our title of honor in this Age, as well as heretofore, and therefore I long to be at these Vertues.

Mal. I haue deuised a stratagem to circumuent them, farre better then the Camels of *Cyrus*, or Bulles of *Hannibal*, and this it is, I would haue your selfe, and your confederates disguised into the habite of the Affections and Vertues, for so did *Hannibal* arme his Carthaginians like the Romanes when he had slaine *Marcellus*.

Pride. What's the reason of this your aduice?

Mal. Because if the rebellious Affections by any practise be reconciled to their King, their vnion will be our vndoing. Again, a victorie purchased on either side will flesh the Victors, and dishearten our Men, therefore it is good striking while the Iron is hot.

Pride. I could wish that Madame Hypocrisie be sent for to disguise them, for *Tamberlaine* one of my good Minions was went to say, that this was a Cloake long enough to couer the whole World.

Mal. No, my Lord, Hypocrisie is so much employed at this time about disguising some Iesuits, Brownists, Arminians, and some Citizens Wiues, and some factions Men whereof one of late killed his Cat because it kild a Mouse on Sunday, and all this to maintaine ciuill warre against the truth of Antiquitie which is maintained by the intellectuall Vertues, that there is no possibilitie of her presence; but I doubt not Madam Curiosity will performe it well enough.

Pride. I leaue the circumstance of this action to her discretion, and yours. Now I am wearied with viewing the Musters, I will repaire to my Lodging for a little repose.

Al.

Act. 3. Scen. 1.

*Curiositie, Malice.**Cur.* What, more mischief? More plotting yet?*Mal.* You are intreated by my Lord Pride to disguise vs all into the habite of Affections, or Vertues.*Cur.* Where shall we haue Attire, and Armour fit for it?*Mal.* We haue found much of that stufte disperst here, and there in the late conflict betweene the Affections, which Despaire in our hearing did relate: as for other peeces Couetousnesse one of our confederates, at my request, stole them out of the common Wardrobe: If these be wanting, I know you could fetch *Proteus, Meftra Circe*, or *Archimago* the Iesuite, some Taylor from France, or great Brittany to disguise vs in Attire.*Cur.* I need none of their Leaden wits, for I was their Mistresse. You shall therefore be thus disguised. Friendship, and Enmitie shall put on the accoutrements of Loue, and Hatred: Laughter, and Weeping of Ioy, and Griefe: your selfe shall be made like Despight: Hatred's Agent Securitie shall resemble Bouldnesse: Hopes Chiefetaine: Sighing shall dissemble himselfe to be Sdnesse, Griefes Assistant: Icalousie shall be metamorphosed into Zeale: Lust into desire: Enuy into Emulation: Bashfulnesse into Shame: Indulgence into Pittie: I could transforme Seeloue, and Superstition into liking Loues Agent, and into Feare, but I feare they will not be verie like them.*Mal.* And yet Selfe-loue is a liking of ones selfe, and Superstition in Greeke is termed Feare of Deuils.*Cur.* I care not for thar, I will haue Selfe-loue transflementated into the shape of Charitie, for the Dunces say, Charitie begins at home: as for Superstition, I can buy for her Religions Maske, much cheaper then any one in the Exchange.

Exchange. But now let me see, what shall we haue for my Lord Pride?

Mal. It will tire your wit to attire him.

Cur. I could put vpon him the habiliments of Emulation, such as I gaue to Enuy.

Mal. But Enuy will pine at this, and Pride will scorne it; besides, if there be two of one habite, there will be suspition of fraud, as when we see two Raine-bowes together, we thinke the one, but to be the reflexion of the other.

Cur. I could make him like Disdaine.

Mal. Indeed my Lord Pride can disdaine the best Men, and things too.

Cur. Yea but Disdaine doth onely neglect those things that are base, as when a Matrone disdaineth the loue of a Peasant: But Pride can vilifie both *Cæsars* Scepter, and the Diuine Thundring. Well, I haue found him out a transcendent Title, he shall put on the Title of Mounseieur Magnanimitie.

Mal. You haue put me in mind of an excellent stratagem.

Cur. Thus we are all disguised.

Mal. You, like Men of Gotham, still forget to number your selfe.

Cur. Take no care for me, I haue at hand the Vizard of Admiration. But I see Hope and Feare comming together, I'll hearken what they say.

Mal. I pray you giue me my disguise, and let me play for you the Eauf-dropper this once.

Act. 3. Scen. 2.

Feare, Hope.

Feare. Feed me no longer with emptie smoake, for the plot is desperate.

Hope

Hope. The fitter to be acted by your Seruant Despaire, who may doe it better by Poyson of *Locusts*, *Brazum*, *Iulio*, or by the Knife of *Iames Clement*, or *Raniliacke*, or by *Catesby's Powder*.

Feare. Despaire is falsely tearmed my Seruant, for like as when Good is certainly expected, there is Hope, and when it is certainly enioyed, Ioy ariseth: So when Euill is doubtfully look't for, there springeth Feare; but when it is no lesse certaine that expected Good shall not succeed, thence proceedeth Despaire. For as no Man feared where he neuer hoped; so none despaireth till he cease to feare. Despaire then is a numnesse of Sence, and a want no lesse of Feare, then of Hope. Besides, what likelyhood of victorie? Seeing it is more then certaine the Vertues will ayd the King and Queene. If they ouercome, what shall become of vs? If we ouercome, how shall we agree if Loue be extinguished? Or how shall I and Griefe without the helpe of Hatred maintaine our parts against you, and Ioy? If the Vertues be extinguished, the Vices, and Banditi will inuade vs. But indeed you dreame of a dry Summer, for we may well feare that you may be corrupted with hope of gaine, and Ioy will take no ioy in these Warres. Reuerence, and Zeale, Pittie, and Desire may discouer it, because they are Friends to the King: Or Griefe, Disdaine, or Anger, because they haue long loued the Queene, Admiration may be new-fangled, and Emulation ambitious; but whether we ouercome or not, Despaire will not gratifie vs, because he thinkes himselfe hated, and scarce accounted among the Affections.

Hope. O Feare, you cast too many blockes in the way, which indeed are but shaddowes, and dreames. For first, as the hope of good Men, and separate good Spirits is certaine; so in euill Men, and Spirits there is certaintie of feare, called Despaire. Whereas you say the Vertues will ayd them, thinke you that they will wash their hands in Water of Stix, the Blood of ciuill Warre? If they subdue vs, can there be any thing more mild then they?

Did not they teach *Cyrus*, and *Cesar* to be courteous to the vanquished? If we ouercome, can not I with the hope of the profit of Vnitie; Ioy by the pleasure of the Victorie; you by the feares of the mischiefes of alteration; and Griefe by the distast of the same, keepe all from changing? Whereas you feare that the Vices, or Banditi will inuade vs, we will keepe the Vertues as Dogges to keepe those Wolues. Whereas you instruct me and my partakers, know that I hope to be King, because I am Senior to Ioy, as for Ioy I haue perswaded him a while to endure the troublesome Warre for the hope of honour. The Friends of the King, and Queene loue themselues best, and being lately iniured of them, and afraid one of an other, neither will, nor dare discouer, nor is there any reason to disgrace Despaire; for would not many Treasons, Murders, Lusts, Thefts be executed but for despaire of impunitie? And what if Despaire refuse to doe it, can not we perswade, command, entice, or hire some other? Or if none will performe it, shall we not be strong enough in open Field? Well Feare leaue these demurs, for you will be suspected for a Traytor.

*Act. 3. Scen. 3.**Malice, Friendship, Inffice.*

Mal. This Feare makes me circumspect, and Hope resolute in my Plot. But who comes heere? Well met Friendship, and Enmitie, for I know you, though Dame Curiositie hath finely disguised you. Well, I hope you heard of our association.

Friendsh. I haue suffered too long; for in the old time I was accounted an angelicall Vertue, farre about the vulgar loue of Mariage, which ioyneth vnequall things together, that agree like the seuerall Beasts in the Plough of *Ulysses* when he fained himselfe mad: when as I cause equall minds to vndergoe the same heauenly yoke. In old time
there

there was celebrated certaine Paires, which were Knights of my Order. The Poets could sing of *Hercules*, and *Phylloctetes*; *Thesens*, and *Perithous*; *Castor*, and *Pollux*; *Ulysses*, and *Diomedes*; *Aeneas*, and *Achates*; *Nisus*, and *Eurialus*: The Greeke Historians could tell of *Socrates*, and *Alcibiades*; *Damon*, and *Pythias*: The Latines of *Scipio*, and *Laelius*; *Cicero*, and *Atticus*; *Augustus*, and *Maceus*; *Seneca*, and *Lucilius*; *Traian*, and *Plutarch*: But now these are accounted impossible Fables. For say they, it is not possible to find friendship in two that are equall in Age, Vertue, Abilitie, Calling, and Intent. Not contented with this iniurie they haue put me into the hedg-row of Relations, which are as emptie as the Blood-lesse Soules fayned to flye about Limbo-Lake. It resteth then you giue your aduices what is to be done.

Mal. Rest awhile, for I see Iustice standing at the Castle Gate, I will ouer, or vnder-heare what he saith, and aduise according to circumstance of occasion.

Iust. I wonder whither Charitie is gone out of the Castle, but indeed she is neuer idle, but alwayes is feeding, or comforting the needfull, or burying the Bodies of the dead, or performing their last wills, or defending their Orphanes, but I now see her returning with the King, and Queene, I will goe forth to salute them.

Mal. Iustice takes you for the King, and Enmitie for the Queene; Selfe-loue comes a little behind you for Charitie. Now it is time to strike, the trap is layd, onely remember Friendship to say, that you are come to command certaine Lodgings in the Castle for Magnanimitie, lately returned from banishment.

Friendsh. I goe, follow me close, and be as silent as those that casts Bells.

Iust. Welcome my Liege, together with your Queene, and Followers, will it please you enter into the Castle?

Friendsh. If I get within your Cony-burrowes, I shall disgrace you like Ignoramus: Well Iustice, I haue made the more hast, because I would haue some entertainment

prepared for Magnanimitie whom I haue lately called out of Exile, to ayd me in my Warres.

Iust. Come forth Fortitude, lay hands vpon this Counterfeit, for this is not the King now I looke better on him.

Friendsh. Anant Traytors, doe not the verie Virginians know that the Person of a King is sacred?

Iust. You are not the King, for he is in health, and well armed; you looke like one that is sickly, and comes without Armor; besides, your Stature is almost double his.

Friendsh. O Malice, thou hast vndone me with Enmitie, and Selfe-loue, in telling vs, that the King was sicke.

Iust. O Friendship, how comes it to passe, that you, who alwayes were wont to ayd Vertue, and Loue our King, art now become an Abbettor to these Assassins?

Friendsh. I haue beene long defrauded of my two Titles, a Vertue, and an Affection.

Iust. How can you be a Vertue Friendship? Seeing that Vertue is a qualitie inherent in one; you are a mutual knowne repercussion of a double equal loue. Besides, if you be a Vertue then Enmitie must be a Vice, and yet the vertuous *Germanicus Caesar* according to the manner of his Ancestors denounced Enmitie to *Piso*.

Friendsh. Yet I hope I am an Affection at least.

Iust. An Affection is common, and naturall, you are a rare, and super-naturall coniunction of two Affections. Now because I perceiue you haue beene seduced by these Recreants, you shall haue a mild censure, namely, to be confined to remaine alwayes among the Vertues; as for Enmitie, he shall helpe to enlarge our Squadron, and make fally vpon our Enemies.

Act. 3. Scen. 4.

Iustice, Malice, Selfe-love.

Iust. Don Malice, I much desire you to confesse the whole truth to me.

Malice

Mal. I neither can, nor will confesse any thing.

Iust. Then attend to this Iudgement. Vnlesse thou confesse, the Russians Shiners, the Scottish Bootes, the Dutch Wheele, the Spanish Strappado, Linnen Ball, and Peare of Confession shall torment thee: Thou shalt be fet in an Engine like that of *Regulus*, Wax, Pitch, Tarre, and Oyle shall be poured into thy Nauell, moulten Lead into thine Eares, thy Backe shall be scrap't with Shels, Reeds shall be thrust vnder thy Nayles, thou shalt be layd vpon thy Backe betweene two Boates, Honey shall be cast vpon thy Belly, Mear poured into thee, and at the end of seuen-teene dayes shalt be taken vp halfe rotten, the Bull of *Phalaris* the Sicilian Tyrants Wife, the Morocco Bowles full of Snakes, and all the Torments that Heart, or Art of Man can deuise shall attend thee.

Mal. I will confesse rather then I will put you to this cost.

Iust. But I must haue no mixt proportions made like Hippocentaurus; halfe of words, halfe of mentall referuations.

Mal. I need not equiuocate, I am no Priest, I haue no dispensation.

Iust. Confesse then first, who spred this rumor of the Kings sicknesse, and death?

Mal. I told the Commons that the King was dead, but because the great ones were lesse credulous, or had more intelligence, I told them onely of the Kings sicknesse: The ground of my rumor was his solitarinesse, and languishing in part with Griefe for the Queenes ouer-daring insolencies.

Iust. Confesse now who is that Magnanimitie of whom Friendship spake?

Mal. 'Tis the Lord Magnanimitie Pride.

Iust. Lastly, tell who be his and your Confederates?

Mal. Eleuen Banditi besides our selues.

Iust. Your Iudgement shall be deferred till the Kings
 comming.

comming. Now Selfe-loue, what Furie bewitch't you to assume the name of Charitie?

Selfe-l. The loue of our selues is the rule of Charitie, and therefore it must be much more Charitie it selfe.

Iust. The Diuine Loue is not the Vertue of Charitie, yet it is the rule and square of humane Loue.

Selfe-l. It is Charitie eminently, though not formally.

Iust. To choake you with your owne Schoole dust, if it be not formally, then it is not Charitie; for the forme giues the being. And therefore we may say, whereas Charitie is bound by the Law of Necessitie, transcendent Loue doth voluntarily issue from the Diuine Essence, and so is a kind of supernaturall rule to our Charitie. Againe, the iust, and laborious condition of Ants, and Bees can not be said to be Charitie, because things voyd of Reason are not capable of Vertue, or Vice; yet is this a patterne to our best Loue. Neuerthelesse, this rule is naturall, not morall; certaine, not voluntarie. Vnlesse we expound it as some doe, you must loue Men as you ought to loue your selfe; but this is to make a Lesbian, and no certaine rule.

Selfe-l. Belike then you thinke, that all Men by nature loue themselves?

Iust. What Man? What Liuing? Nay, what Creature at all doth hate themselves?

Selfe-l. Those Men seeme to doe it, that becaue themselves of Life.

Iust. Did *Dido* the first, or *Caro* the second kill themselves out of Selfe-hatred, or rather for some feare of imminent, and insupportable perill? Did *Menaius*, *Curtius* sacrifice their liues for their Countreys out of hatred to themselves, or rather out of some deuout opinion, that thereby they might atchieue to themselves great honor both with God, and Men? But if all was granted, yet were you distant a full Persian parasange from Truth. For to loue our selues is to cherish that Image which is giuen vs by the true *Prometheus*; but Selfe-loue is an aduancing of

of that Image, about the same in other Men, whereas
equall things should retaine equall honour, and so it be-
comes an hatefull Bough, or rather an accursed Root of
the Tree of Pride.

Mal. Helpe, helpe O noble Affections, March on
apace.

Iust. Stop the Mouth of Malice, throw him into the
deepest Dungeon, put Selfe-loue in Little-ease.

Exeunt Malice, and Selfe-loue.

Act. 3. Scen. 5.

Iustico, Laughter.

Iust. Vncase them Fortitude, and disarme them. What
are you Sir?

Laught. I am the noble Affection of Ioy, here is my
Companion Griefe, and her Agent Sadnesse, with vs is the
Affection of Shame.

Iust. O shamelesly shamefull well inscribed Boxes, but
containing Poysons within. For these foure being now vn-
cased, appeare to be Laughter, Weeping, Sighing, Blushing
which are no Affections.

Laught. Then you will make vs forget our names, as one
did with a fall from an House. Doe we distinguish Men
from Beasts, and will you extinguish our Title of Affec-
tions?

Iust. By that Sophistry, Madame Lingua might sue as
well for the office of an Affection as of a Sence, for her
garrulous, all-daring Ladiship, which dares lye with euerie
Man and Woman, doth sufficiently separate Man-kind
from the Choristers of the Aire, and from the dumbe
Lords of the Woods, and Floods. Now therefore though
your full Censure shall be stayed to the Kings approach,
yet some thing shall be said now. First, Laughter is not a
Passion, but a signe of it, in the Muscle of the Midriffe, and
the Cheekes; and therefore separate Soules, and other
Spirits

Spirits which are not encombred with the bulke of the Body, we thinke to be yncapable of this trepidation, and exaltation, whereas all Affections are lock't within the Closet of the Soule. Neither indeed doth Laughter proceed from Ioy alone; but sometimes from Disdain, sometimes from Sorrow. In like manner Weeping doth as well issue from Ioy that is suddaine, as from Griefe that is moderate: For *Amasis* the Egyptian King wept at his Friends; but was amazed at his Sonnes captiuitie. Hence are Crocodiles, and Harlots teares. Sighing doth come from Sadnesse naturally; but by accident also from Melancholy, which makes as many false Griefes, as Superstition doth Feares. As for Blushing, it comes from the moderate feare of reproofe, as Palenesse from a vehement, which *Catesby* would haue beene in this Conspiracie also, if his Catilinary conscience had not hindred his attempt. In some they are but all signes of Passions. I will therefore that their imprisonment be gentle, and free. Now let vs retire, till occurrence call vs forth.

Exeunt Omnes.

Act. 4. Scen. 1.

Iustice, Indulgence.

Iust. What, more Enemies? More Counterfeits yet? What are you?

Ind. I am Pittie, the good Mans Passion, or rather Compassion.

Iust. Or rather the Corruption of the Church, the Leprosie of the Schooles of Learning, the Moth of the Common-wealth, the pleasing Poyson of Families, Sweet-bitter Indulgence, vpon whom we may lay our Vices, as the Egyptians did their sins vpon a Rams Head, which they cast into Nilus, take her here, and sea her to the Bore.

Ind. Pittie me, for I am wont to be pittifull.

Iust. Cruell Pittie, thou makest Children laugh that old Men may weepe, away with her. Here comes one that's as pittilesse, as she was pittifull. What's your Name?

Securitie

Sec. I am Boldnesse Seruant to Hope, the first-borne of the noble Affections.

Iust. Nay you are Securitie the Root of Confidence, the Disarmer of the Common-wealth, the secret Impoysoner of the Church, and indeed a seruant of Temeritie, or Rashnesse, an Enemie to you Fortitude, therefore take her to your custody. Here now comes a fearfull Messenger that cut's the Aire like *Mercurie*.

Act. 4 Scen. 2.

Feare, Iustice, Superstition.

Feare. Tidings my Lord, tidings, the twelue Affections are marching towards you in all hast, but I am a Friend to the King, and therefore I am accounted a Traytor amongst Traytors.

Iust. Though I knew the matter before, and doe imagine thou do it for Feare, yet in the Kings name I giue this reward, a guilded paire of Harts Hornes, which afterwards shall be thine Armes. Now return again vnto them, and sowe some needlesse Feares amongst them, that they may desist from their Rebellion, and if thou be afraid to returne, then remaine among vs.

Feare. I am afraid to stay with you least I be suspected, and with them least I be confronted, or hated; I pray you I may neutralise a while till the matter be determined.

Iust. Though this seeme to tast of a mind like that of his who was drawne in peeces of wild Horses, because he had drawne his mind into two opinions betweene the Romanes, and the Fidenates, yet to shew thee that we neither feare thy cowardise, nor their valour, we will permit for a time, onely take heed that no Amphibologicall practise be hereafter layd to your charge.

Feare. Feare not my Lord, fearefull persons seldom goe to the Tower, they loue to sleepe in a whole Skin!

Iust. That place is reserved for better wits, and worse minds.

minds. But who comes here? She is some-what like thy Sister, but that she lookes more demurely, and yet me thinks she begins to iet like the mad *Corybantes* in Crete, or like the *Sally* the dauncing Priests of old, or new Rome. Apprehend her, by your She-Priesthood what is your Name?

Supst. I am Religion which the World can no more want, then it can Fire, and Water.

Inst. Indeed it is better the *Aegyptian Apes*, yea that Apes themselves be worshipped, then that there be no Religion, it is better, I say, for the state of the Body, not of the Soule.

Sup. I am Religion, giue place Iustice.

Inst. Religion is within, and you are without the Castle. I am a plaine Macedonian, I must need call a Spade, a Spade, you are Superstition which taught the Men of Calicut to kisse the euill Spirits behind appearing like Goats. You taught the Turkes their Friday Saboth, Circumcision, the mediation of *Mahomer*, the vse of Polygamie both here, & in Paradise. You taught the Jewes to looke for a Feast, wherein the Leviathan shall be eaten in Pickle. You taught them of Rome to feare a Tyrant who being begotten of an *Incubus*, and a Woman of the Trybe of *Dan*, and pretending himselfe to be a Jew shall beare rule three yceres, sixe moneths, and fourtie five dayes iust, before the fatall day, which Tale hath gayned them more then all the Fables of *Aesop*, and *Onid*, and all that rabble. Well, disrobe this *Duessa*, locke her vp fast least she breed any new troubles, for still me thinks I espy a new tempest arise, we feared the true Affections, now the false Passions haue prevented them, and vs.

Act. 4. Scen. 3.

Iustice, Chriofissie, Ielousie.

Inst. Here comes one as fine as the former, but her lookes is not so fearefull, she rather stares like one to whom

a lye is told, to driue away the Hecticke: Well Madame, who are you called?

Cur. I am Admiration, the mid-way betweene Knowledge, and Ignorance, like the Twy-light, betweene Light, and Darkenesse, which am the first beginner of all Arts, and Sciences.

Inst. There be so many counterfeits, I know not whom to trust, take off her Maske. O my fine Dame Curiositie, I beleue you are she that hath disguised all these counterfeits that came before you.

Cur. Yes, and all them that come after too, yea I can sometimes for a need disguise you too, for I am sure you came into this Country with a single Doublet, but now you haue found Cloakes not onely for your selfe, and fellowes; but for your crooked matches, and your craftie pretences.

Inst. See how this rauening Beast bites when she is ready to dye. I shall need but little curiositie to find matter of Treason in you. You made the Libels against *Tiberius*; you put Vineger into all the Satyres, and Pasquils that were euer since; you cast Gall, and Poyson into the Inke of *Marpelate*, and *Perry*, and all that rout; you loue no Rochets; you could be content to turne Bels, into Eare-rings, and to weare them for gingling Spurs at your Heeles; you would haue Fellowes in Colledges to haue Wiues; you can giue Baptisme in a boule of Milke, and the Communion in a Wicker Basket; your itching Crochets haue troubled the Land, and poysoned the Church; Well, lay her vp to her fellowes. Here is another Bird of the same Wing I beleue, what name should a Man deuise for you?

Jeal. I am Zeale the common heat of all the Affections, the reformer of all deformities.

Inst. You are that false fire that was in the Temple of *Serapis*, and *Vesta*. Your name is Iuno- Jealousie that sent a Hornet to driue so as farre as *Aegypt*, whosoeuer drinks of your Cup spils in his bosome. Away with her, she goes betweene Barke, and Tree; set's debate betweene Man and

Wife: commit her to close Prison, least she stirre vp new
iealousies, and combustions in the State.

Act. 4. Scen. 4.

Iustice, Urbanitie, Pride.

Iust. Here comes some great Magnifico, your name Sir
before you passe?

Pride. My name is Mounſieur Magnanimitie, a Courtly
Vertue lately returned out of Exile, and this is my Attendant
Emulation, one of the nobleſt of the Affections.

Iust. I was aduertised of you before hand, your name is
Mounſieur Magnificentissimo Magnanimitie Pride. I pray
call forth Urbanitie hither.

Urb. What, haue you any leasure for me in these Gar-
boyles?

Iust. You shew'd me the other day, an Alphabetical
Bead-rolle of Prides names; now he is come in presence,
and I lacke complementall salutations for him.

Urb. I haue the Scrole about me, will you read it?

Iust. I pray you read ſit your ſelfe, for mine Eyes are
growne ſome-what dim with care, and with looking of
Mens perſons, and Bribes.

Urb. Then hearken my noble Mounſieur, for here is
the Coppy of your Titles as large as the great Turkes.
Sir Antoniaſtro-Adriano-Alexandrino, Sir Bellarmino-
Baronia-Bombo, &c.

Iust. Will it please you to haue any more Titles Sir?

Pride. It becomes Iustice well to mocke, and that at
holy things too.

Iust. You are payd but in your owne Coyne, and it was
done to shew you that there is nothing ſo holy which you
deſpiſe not. When lay you laſt with the Moone? Where
be the Payhens, and Gunie-cockes that were ſacrificed to
you? Where be your golden Slippers which Men uſe to
kiſſe? Your Hammer where-with you knocke open the

Gate

Gate of Paradise? Where be all your impious Bulls, and Briefes?

Pride. I will not vouchsafe to answer thee.

Iust. As for your Attendant Emulation, he is found to be no other then that Heart-griping Envy, who reioyed in a Ship, when he thought his aduersarie should be drowned before him. I am sure it will grieue him to goe to Heauen, because he shall see nothing there but Happinesse.

Pride. I hope you will let Envy speake for himselfe then.

Iust. Not so, for then we shall lose Vrbanities company. Away with them both, and cast them into the same Dungeon with Malice.

Act. 4. Scen. 5.

Veracitie, Iustice, Lust.

Ver. I haue brought you here a Captiue my Lord, but so filthy, that I shall gaine little thanks for her.

Iust. Why? What's her name?

Ver. She termes her selfe Desire, and yet her name is (but I abhor to name it.)

Iust. Well, what is't?

Ver. It is that Hagge Lust.

Iust. Tell, whence comes she, and what is she?

Ver. She came from the dead Sea, called the Asphaltick Lake; she came afterwards to Egypt; some say she was in Babilon, and Sardis of Lydia; I am sure she dwelt at Selge a Towne of Pamphilia, for there she got her a Greek name Afelgia. She past thence into Europe, and kept open House at Corinth; afterwards in Italy, Rome, Florence, Venice, and there she became so bold, that she durst sue for her hyre as Men doe for Land. At Naples she playd Madam Makarella, Pandaresse, and between a Neopolitane Father, and a French Mother begot a Child which is now fathered vpon the poore West Indians, because they send Gualacum

to helpe the Diseases, with which it is annoyed. She hath beene also in Moroccho, Spaine, France, Ireland, especially about the Lake of Enno, which place, as the Inhabitants doe report, was from a pleasant Soyle turned into a filthy Lake by reason of the lust of the Inhabitants. She hath also beene in Merioneth-shiere in Wales, and hath had some residence among the Red-shankes, and Orcades, and lately hath passed through Great Brittain, where what she hath done, let Men Iudge. For they that know nothing, know not their owne name. They that say nothing, know not their owne dutie. They that doe nothing, know not their owne daunger.

Iust. Away with the Strumpet to prison.

Lust. Pittie my Lord, I was wont in *Nero's* time to be familiar with great persons, and some say the times are not chaunged.

Iust. Whatsoeuer they are, they are the worse for such Messalines, and Poppas as thou art. Now may a Man extort a true word from you Madam Minx without the trouble of the Racke? What Confederates remaine besides your selfe?

Lust. None but the Vices, which being all Horse-men, fled when they saw Pride taken, and left me desolate in the Fields.

Ver. Though I know some went to bed to the fancie of your Picture, yet none of them in such a feare would be troubled with so vnprofitable a burthen of the Earth.

Iust. Let vs goe in, and rest, for we cannot pursue them without directions from the King.

Exeunt Omnes.

Act. 5. Scen. 1.

Hope, Love, Iustice.

Hope. The Affections being amaz'd either by reason of the mutiny stirred vp lately by Feare, or by the interception of the Banditi, haue in stead of Rebellion sent me to the King

King to petition their reduction, and recall, and now I goe attended with my two Captaines, Trust, and Bouldnesse. Here comes the King himselfe who promifeth all fauour by his louely countenance farre vnlike that of *Sylla*, which by the scotting Athenians was resembled to Figges besmeer'd with Meale.

Lone. Iustice sent to entreat me to come to this Castle to view certaine Prisoners. After many delayes I come, for I am slow to punishment, and now vnderstand that Iustice is gone to his Lodging, neither will I suddainly rayse him, for I know he is wearie, but here comes a Petitioner.

Hope. Mercie my Liege, mercie.

Lone. What offence hath beene committed?

Hope. The thirteene Affections vpon some sinister rumours of your Maiesties sicknesse, and death, intended some inuouation to the State; but now hearing of your recouerie, begge pardon, and craue to be reduced to a settled order.

Lone. Where be they now Hope?

Hope. Here vpon the Greene before your Castle, but haue layd away their Armes.

Lone. I see them now, goe, returne them this answer. First, I accept their submission, and giue them free pardon. Next, I set down this Order. All Affections proceed from me, and Hatred my Queene; whereof some are immediate some mediate, like as all colours are said to be framed of White, and Blacke. The immediate are foure, you, and Ioy belong to me; you are the elder, for we hope for things afore we can inioy, or ioy in them; yet is Ioy the mightier, as the Persians were aboue the Medes, the Romanes aboue the Sabines, the English aboue the Scots.

Hope. Wherefocuer you place me my good Liege, I shall be well contented, only my hope is, that your princely fauour will be continued towards me.

Lone. It shall if you continue in your aliegiance. To proceed then, I say the same of Feare, and Griefe, which pertaine to the Queene; for the former of these turnes from

from euill to come, the later from that which is present, or past. Like as you two turne to that which is good, whether it be good indeed like the Moones Eclipse, or onely in appearance like the Eclipse of the Sunne. Those that be immediate are of two degrees; some depend both of Vs, and you foure: others haue reference to some of you foure onely. Of the first sort are these. To me, and Feare, doe retainne Reuerence, and Zeale: To me, and Griefe, Desire, and Pittie. For Reuerence is a loue of Goodnesse which is excellent, and a feare of displeasing, or offending that great Goodnesse, or good Greatnesse. Zeale also is a Loue ioyned with feare of loosing that which we desire that we our selues, or some other should enioy as peculiar without riuallitie: but if this Feare be causelessly suspicious it turnes to Jealousie which is a Vice, as Reuerence doth to Superstition. Desire is a Loue, or liking to a thing, with a Griefe for want of it. Pittie is a kind of Desire to helpe the thing loued in that miserie for which it grieveth. Further to my Queene, and your Captaine Bouldnesse pertaines Disdaine, who hateth something with a bould confidence, which it seemeth to contemne: Yet some make it a spice of Anger. Those of the other order which onely serue some of your Tetrarchy, or Quaternion are againe cut out into two quarters. For some are mingled of two Affections onely, as Shame is made of Feare, and Griefe; Feare of the reproofe, Griefe for the Fault. Anger is compounded of Griefe for the indignitie, and Hope of reuenge. Therefore when vaine Man is angry with the Diuine Essence, he doth first Idolize to himselfe a feeble, and resistable Deitie. Others pertaine to three Passions, namely, Admiration, and Emulation. For when we admire any thing, we ioy in the knowledge of the effect, and yet hope to know the cause, for the ignorance whereof we grieve: but if this Hope be of things aboue our reach or calling, it degenerates to Curiosity. Likewise, when we emulate any person, we ioy in that Goodnesse which he enioyeth, and Hope to obtaine our selues, being grieved that as yet we haue not compassed

it.

it. All this might be set downe in the coupling of a Marriage, or of a Pedegree, but that it would be too intricate.

Hope. Thanks my noble Liege, for your bountie, and iust order.

Iust. Hearing of your Maiesties comming, I made hast with these Captiues of the better sort, to know how your Highnesse would dispose of them.

Lowe. Thanks Iustice for all your paines. I will therefore that Friendship remaine with me; Enmitie with my Queene; Laughter with Ioy; Weeping with Griefe; Sighing with Griefes Agent Sadnesse, to whom also you may commit Sobbing, and Groaning when you take them. Let Blushing, and his Fellow Palenesse whensoever he is found, be ascribed to the Passion of Shame. Now Iustice I will that you goe in, and bring all the Vertues before me.

Act. 5. Scen. 2.

Iustice, Lowe.

Iust. We are here assembled before your Maiestie to know your pleasure.

Lowe. As *Iupiter* did renew the World after the combustion made by *Phaeton*, so after these tumults doe I mean to re-establish order in the Soule. I ordaine therefore, that the Vertues shall be allotted to certaine governments, according to the Affections. First then, I ordaine you Iustice our Viceroy, seeing there is no Affection which needs not your helpe, and moderation.

Iust. Humble thanks my Liege, for this vnderferued honour.

Lowe. Next, I will, that Charitie doe attend both me, and also Desire, and Pittie. Affabilitie shall be a domestick Mediator betweene me, and my Queene. Clemencie shall assist my Queene, as also Disdain, and Anger. Fortitude shall Rickle betweene Hope, and Feare. Urbanitie shall be Friend to Ioy. Religion to Reuerence. Temperance, and

G

Liberalitie

Liberalitie to Desire. Modestie to Shame. Humilitie to Emulation, and in part to Admiration too.

Iust. We are all thankfully content with our Honours, and Charges.

Lone. I will now that you bring before me the other Captiues, and that Fortitude goe presently to intercept the Vices, and bring them backe.

Act. 5. Scen. 3.

Iustice, Lone.

Iust. I present before your Highnesse tenne Captiues, whereof two are Agents to Vices, Securitie to Temeritie; Lust to Intemperance: The other eight are principall Vices themselves. Here also Fortitude hath brought you backe the Vices which he tooke by an Ambuscado, while they were negligently reuelling in a Wood.

Lone. I doe some-what wonder at this number: For I haue heard that the Vices were two and twentie, each Vertue hauing two extreame Enemies, which being added to these eight chiefe Banditi make iust thirtie, and now I see here are onely siue and twentie, as if some of the Banditi had beene wanting, or here were too many Vices.

Iust. May it please your Highnesse to be informed, that of the sixteene Banditi there were two Reflections, and foure signes of Affection, which six your Maieslie did sentence euen now. There were also two subalterne Vices, and eight principall, so that the Vices which ayded them were onely seuentene, which being added make siue and twentie. Neuertheless, to make a shew, and to strike a terror in the Hearts of our Men, they did enlarge their Wings, as *Cæsar* did his Legions, so as in the Battell there appeared sixteene, and two and twentie in the Wings, in all eight and thirtie.

Lone. I, but how comes it to passe that there are now siue and twentie Vices?

Iustice

Iust. Rare things want needfull names, but common things haue names more then needs. Hence it comes to passe that Charitie hath three extremes, Malice in the defect, Selfe-loue, and Iealousie in the excessse. For as Selfe-loue is to our selues, so is Iealousie to others an excesssiue Loue. Likewise, the extremes to Humilitie are foure; Sordiditie in the defect, and in the excessse, Pride, Enuy, Curiositie, which two later are spices of Pride; the one being a Pride in hauiug, the other in knowing. The nine other Vertues haue but two extremes a peece. Affabilitie hath Morositie, and Flatterie, the Nurse of Tyrants. Clemencie hath Crueltie, and Indulgence. Fortitude hath Temeritie, and Timiditie. Vrbانيتie hath Rusticitie, and Scurrilitie, to which obscene Iesting may be referred. Religion hath Profanenesse, and Superstition. Temperance hath Intemperance, and Stupiditie. Liberalitie hath Couetousnesse, whereof Parsimony is a spice, and Prodigalitie. Modestie hath Impudence, and Immodestie, and Puttillanimitie, which some confound with Sordiditie the defectiue extreme of Humilitie, because they both seeme to proceed from the weaknesse of mind. Lastly, my selfe haue for my extremes Rigor, and Partialitie.

Loue. My will is, that all the Vices be kept close Prisoners by those Vertues to whom they stand in opposition, least hereafter there be any cause or occasion of Rebellion. But who comes here?

Alt. 5. Scen. 4.

Griefe, Loue, Veracitie.

Griefe. Iustice, my Liege, Iustice, here be the Griuanances of the Affections.

Loue. By whom are they offred?

Griefe. By certaine Philosophers, as shall appeare by the particulars.

Loue. Read the Griuanances.

Griefe. I haue wept out mine Eyes for Griefe, I cannot read, I pray you command your great Secretarie Veracitie to doe it.

Loue. Read them Veracitie.

Verac. In primis, that the Stoickes haue banished the Affections out of the Soule.

Loue. This Griouance is wrong set, for they onely thought, and taught, that before *Isis*, whom some call *Pandora*, *Persephone*, or *Proserpina*, did eat the forbidden bit, Man had no Rebellion in his Affections. So that they shewed not what Vertue is, but what it ought to be.

Verac. Secondly, that the Peripatetickes haue made Constancie, Contincencie, and Bashfulnesse imperfect Vertues which tame rebellious Affections.

Loue. They teach the same thing in effect with the Stoickes, namely, that perfect Vertue stands in the vnmouable quietnesse of the Affections: and that to bridle their tumults is yet a Vertue, though not so perfect as the former.

Verac. Thirdly, that some teach the Vertues to remaine in Prudence which is an habite intellectuall, not in the Affections.

Loue. The Art of ruling a Ship abides in the Ship as in the Obiect; but in the Pilot as in the Subiect, or Agent. The like relation of Horsemanship is betweene the Horse and the Ryder. Vertue then is that moderation which issueth from Prudence, and is receiued by the Passions.

Verac. Fourthly, that some seat the Affections in the Braine, not in the Heart.

Loue. In brute Creatures the Phantasie which is set in the Braine giues notice, whence ariseth *prosequutio, et fuga*, following, and flight, which operations are seene in the Heart that is contracted, and dilated according to the Intelligence giuen.

Verac. Fifthly, that some make the Spirits, and Humors to rule the Affections.

Loue. That is a wrong indeed, for the Spirits Animall in the Braine doe minister to the Phantasie: the Spirits Vitall doe

doe serue the opening and shutting of the Heart : As for the Humors they encrease but begin no Passion, which remaine when the Humors are extinct.

Verac. Sixthly, that some make the Affections mortall with the Body.

Loue. If we acknowledge not Ioy, and Griefe in separate Soules, we shall deny the Immortalitie of the Soule, and so raze the foundation of all Religion.

Verac. Seuenthly, that some place the Affections in the brutish part because they are scene in Beasts.

Loue. They are not onely well conceined to be in separate Spirits, but euen appeare to be now in the reasonable part. For there is a desire to know things, and a Ioy in Knowledge, we may therefore (to speake popularly) settle them in the Will, which is the electiue part of the practick vnderstanding, the shadow whereof appeares in that election which is made in the Phantasie of brute Creatures, tearmed by some a weaker degree of Reason, or Reason by Analogie. Thus foure of your Grievances are reconciled, three are answered, that after ciuill broyles, we may preuent foraigne inuasion.

Griefe. Thanks my Liege.

Loue. No rest yet, here comes another Messenger in halt.

Act. 3. Scen. 5.

Affabilitie, Loue, Hatred.

Affab. The Queene is greatly discontent at your last Iudgement my Liege.

Loue. What be the contents, of her discontent ?

Affab. First, for that your Maiestie hath ascribed to your selfe foure Affections, Reuerence, Zeale, Desire, Pitty ; and onely Disdaine to her. Secondly, that you haue giuen to your selfe Iustice, Charitie, and Affabilitie ; and to her onely Clemencie.

Loue. Command her presently to appeare before me.

Assab. The Queenes Grace is come.

Loue. Now Madame to your first discontentment, I say, I haue done no more, then Nature doth require. To the second, I answer, that I, and you being Man, and Wife, are but one; and therefore my Guard is yours also. For tell me, I pray you, what is Loue, but a turning of the mind to Good? And what is Hatred, but a turning of it from Euill? That is a suspension, or ceasing of Loue. Doth not the same Muscled being a voluntarie Instrument, open, and shut the Eye? Put forth, and draw backe the Finger? Did not your selfe confesse as much to me, when you visited me with Vrbanitie? And therefore as all colours are made of white onely, because blacke is but a priuation; so all Affections issue from me extended, or contracted, and you differ from me in respect alone, as the way leading from Thebes, to Athens differs from that which leads from Athens, to Thebes.

Harr. Your answer hath giuen me satisfaction.

Loue. I doe therefore ordaine a yeerly Feast in memorie of this reconciliation, which shall be called, The Feast of the Load-Stone of the Affections. For as the Load-Stone by his Northerne point drawes the Iron, and the Southerne puts it away: So all Affection by operation doth draw, or repell the object. And thus the Soule like an Organ of many Pipes, or a Ship of many Parts, makes but one Musicke, and one Sayling, though of different respects. Now let vs in, and be merrie for this composition of the Soules Carboyles.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

